

A
CONGRATULATORY
EPISTLE

To the Right Honourable
JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq;

Occasioned, By His being made
One of His MAJESTY's
Principal Secretaries of State.

By a Student at OXFORD.

————— *hanc sine Tempora circum*
Inter victrices, Hederam, Tibi serpere Lauros.
VIRG. Eclog. viii.

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JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq;

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By a Student of the Middle Temple.
LONDON:
Printed by J. Knapton, at the Black-Swan, in Strand.
[Price six Pence]



A

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To the Right Honourable

JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq;

WHILE Half the Globe is shook with Wars and
[Arms,
And *Europe* labours with unripe Alarms;

While the mad SUEDE, with Insolence unknown,

Affects new Kingdoms, and betrays his own;

From *Isis*' Laurel'd Banks, the Muse reveals

A Joy which ev'ry honest *Briton* feels,

A 2

Who

Who sees his Country's and his KING's Commands,
Intrusted to your unpolluted Hands.

Accept, Immortal Sir ! an artless Song,
From One, the meanest, of the Vocal Throng,
Who joys to see distinguish'd Merit rise,
Advanc'd the foremost in his PRINCE's Eyes.

From Public Cares One Hour relieve your Breast,
And let the Cause of Warring Nations rest ;

While, smote with Glory and Poetic Flame,
Boldly I strive to reach your Deathless Name :

On daring Wings the boundless Height I soar,
Thro' trackless Skies, and Worlds unseen before.

What Tongue so impious to condemn my Pain,
If ADDISON approves the Youthful Strain ?

But where shall I begin? — With equal Light,
 The POET and the PATRIOT strike my Sight :
 Candour unrival'd, and ennobled Love,
 Demand the Muse, and her vast Theme improve ;
 To raise my Verse un-number'd Gifts conspire,
 And fill my Bosom with ungovern'd Fire ;
 For to adorn your Person are combin'd
 A piercing Judgment, and unblemish'd Mind :
 Each Scene of Life, with rising Wonders fraught,
 Crouds to my View, and swells my lab'ring Thought.
 In what you write, the Spirit of the Nine,
 And all APOLLO teems in ev'ry Line :
 In all you act, transfus'd into your Breast,
 Great BRUNSWICK's Soul burns out, in strongest
 [Light confest.

From

From WARWICK's Eyes, and Your own spotless Sou,
 You MARCIA's Charms, and CATO's Virtues stole
 My grov'ling Fancy sinks beneath Your Praise,
 And my Breast labours with unequal Lays,

From You the Poet borrows all his Rage,
 Unstrung with Years, nor yet matur'd by Age:
 Fir'd by Your Numbers, he attempts to write,
 That, un-inspir'd, would have declin'd the Flight;
 Wrapt and transported with each glowing Line,
 In his own Breast he feels the Rage Divine.

How oft, between the Guilty and the Fair,
 Hath ROSAMONDA's Blood engag'd my Care?
 Forbidden Love, and Majesty betray'd,
 By Turns excite my Pity, and upbraid.

From

How

How oft have I bewail'd, in CAYO's Doom,
 the Fate of *Britain*, and the Fate of *Rome*?

First in Your Page the *British Drama* shone,
 And the fam'd *Stagyrite* himself out-done :
 Each Scene displays, with matchless Conduct
 The Sweets of Measure, and the Strength of Thought.
 By You succeeding Bards shall warm the Age,
 And *British* Plans correct the *Grecian* Stage.

When CHURCHILL, or NASSAU, inspire your
 Scarce can They Fight so well, as You can Praise :
 Dire mingling Hosts are figur'd to the Sight,
 And all the dreadful Thunder of the Fight :
 My boiling Veins throb with tumultuous Heats,
 And ev'ry Pulse with Martial Ardour beats!

Not

Not Your own VIRGIL better sings of Arms,
Nor OVID's Verse can boast such easy Charms.

Nor would the ravish'd Muse alone rehearse
Your fadeless Laurels, and immortal Verse ;
More glorious Scenes are open'd to her Eyes,
And unexhausted Funds of Praise arise,
Superior to her Strength ; by Heav'n design'd,
At once to profit and delight Mankind ;
Adorn'd with Letters, and with Wisdom blest,
The Maker's Image shines upon your Breast.

TICKELL, by your Indulgence, grows to Fame,
And BRUNSWICK borrows Lustre from You

With the Discernment of *Britannia's* KING,
The World's remotest sever'd Nations ring :

Who, long for an unshaken Truth renown'd,
 To Worth and Merit sheds His Influence round :
 Contending Sects applaud their Sov'reign's Voice,
 And Factions learn Obedience from His Choice.
 The Courtier, thus with ev'ry Grace endow'd,
 Fears not the Slanders of th' ill-natur'd Croud :
 Greatness henceforth may bear the strictest Test,
 Nor Pomp and Virtue be a public Jest.

What may not *Albion* hope in BRUNSWICK's Reign,
 BRUNSWICK, the *Neptune* of her ambient Main ?
 Whilst or a STANHOPE, or an ADDISON,
 Directs His Councils, and divides His Throne.
 Nor see the Patriot, big with *Albion's* Fate,
 Oppress'd and struggling with a Kingdom's Weight ;

B

Deep

Deep in the close Recesses of whose Soul,
 Leagues unconfirm'd, and future Battels roll;
 From whom the *Turk* expects the fatal Day,
 And ORLEANS by New Schemes is taught to sway
 At his Command, each Nation sheaths the Sword
 And *Europe* leans on each important Word.

The frantick *Suede* e'er long (tho' drunk with Pride
 He envies Blessings to Himself deny'd,
 And rashly aims at Kingdoms, which can boast
 A milder Heav'n, and less ungrateful Coast)
 Shall see indignant, since averse to Peace,
 His Borders lessen'd, as his Foes increase;
 And curse, in Wrath, his tow'ring Hopes o'erthrown
 Nor longer swell with Empires not his own:

Shall curse Himself, in his serener Hours,
 ; That rous'd the Vengeance of the *British* Pow'rs :
 Shall curse, deluded Prince ! but curse too late,
 The faithless Main, that bore them to his Fate.

Such is the Harvest, which my Fancy charms,
 Of *British* Councils, and of *British* Arms ;
 When wak'd to Wrath, his Sword AUGUSTUS draws,
 And ADDISON deals out his Country's Laws.

From this great *Æra*, whiter Hours throng round,
 With Conquest and unnumber'd Blessings crown'd :
 Discord no longer shall embroil our Age,
 No Party grow dumb, and Parties drop their Rage :
 The Malecontent his studied Complaint shall cease,
 And harbour in his Breast a duteous Peace.

Commerce, rich Goddess ! in the Ocean bred,
 To either Pole her Canvas Wings shall spread :
 The painful Hind indulgent Heav'n shall bear,
 And Plenty be the Product of the Year.

The Wretch whom Fortune had debas'd in vain
 Smiles at her 'Threat'nings, and shakes off her Chain
 The Orphan and the Widow stop their Tears,
 And Sorrow, meagre Fury disappears ;
 All grateful listen to their Monarch's Voice,
 And all Things smile, when BRUNSWICK bids rejoice

Oxford at length, her guilty *Lares* mourns,
 And to her wonted Loyalty returns :
 Within her Walls no bitter Taunts are heard,
 No Doubts arise, nor groundless Ills are fear'd

No longer are the Muses Learned Seats,
 The Schools of Treason, and Seditious Heats:
 Our Sacred Mother, flush'd with honest Shame,
 Now studies to repair her tainted Fame:
 Her Letter'd Sons forget their causeless Hate,
 And recognize the Justice of the State;
 Incessant strive their Sov'reign's Smiles to taste,
 And grow each Day more Loyal than the last.

*So the pure limpid Stream, when foul with Stains
 Of rushing Torrents, and descending Rains,
 Works it self clear, and as it runs, refines;
 Till by Degrees, the floating Mirrour shines,
 Reflects each Flow'r that on the Border grows,
 And a new Heav'n in its fair Bosom shows.*

Par-

Pardon, dread LIEGE ! a blind mistaken Train,
 Who sue for Mercy, and confess Your Reign ;
 Nor think Your *Oxford* ill deserves to prove,
 The warmest Tokens of her BRUNSWICK's Love :
 Tho' led by Passion, or betray'd by Youth,
 Her Sons departed from the Paths of Truth,
 Their Zeal henceforth no Arts shall e'er misguide,
 Of fancy'd Dangers, or ambitious Pride :
 And, if a while their Hearts to Idols stray'd,
 A more sincere Allegiance shall be paid :
 Trust with Assurance what the Muse imparts,
 And hope for *German* Faith in *British* Hearts.

Mean while, great Patron of our *Isis*' Groves,
 Whom BRUNSWICK honours, and *Britannia* loves,

Forgive the Rashness of th' advent'rous Muse,
 Who your lov'd Name thro' Paths unknown pursues;
 And fondly lists in un-ambitious Rhymes,
 To hand your Glories down thro' After-times;
 That Worlds to come, and future Bards may know,
 To whom the Beauties of their Verse they owe;
 Who first restor'd his Country's injur'd Fame,
 And rescu'd from Reproach the Statesman's Name.
 Her only Warmth from Zeal innate proceeds,
 And a just Knowledge of your Virtuous Deeds;
 Content alone, if her unpolish'd Lays,
 He deigns to Pardon, whom she strives to Praise.



F I N I S.

forgive the Nations of the adverse part, Mr.
 who your for a Nation of Patience and a
 and finally this is an indelible
 to stand our Glories down into Afflictions;
 that World to come, and future Blessings know
 to whom the Blessings of the Lord are
 who will render the Company's joyful
 and will be the same to the same
 for our Wives and Children
 and a full knowledge of your Wives and Children
 some a story, if not a political
 to design to London, a home for the